



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Discovery Series

Walter Hall, Wednesday, February 10, 2010, 7:30 pm

A NIGHT IN SPAIN

Johane Ansell
soprano

Erica Iris Huang
mezzo

Christopher Enns
tenor

James Baldwin
baritone

Stephen Ralls and
Bruce Ubukata
piano

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About the Aldeburgh Connection

Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music which flourishes to this day. **Stephen Ralls** and **Bruce Ubukata** have visited and worked there for many summers, together with many of the singers who appear with the Aldeburgh Connection.

The **Discovery Series** is presented through the generous support of RBC Foundation's Emerging Artists Project.



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espagnole and *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*, and Peter in Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*. He has also sang the roles of Lakai and Perückenmacher in *Ariadne auf Naxos* by Richard Strauss at the Toronto Summer Music Academy, and appeared as a chorus member with the Canadian Opera Company.

In concert, he has appeared as a soloist with The Elora Festival Singers, The Amadeus Choir of Toronto, and the Metropolitan Festival Choir in Vaughan Williams' *Dona Nobis Pacem* and Durufle's *Requiem*. Upcoming concert performance highlights include the Brahms *Requiem* with the Metropolitan Festival Choir on April 2nd.

Stephen Ralls began his musical career in England with the English Opera Group, where he was selected as chief répétiteur for Britten's last opera, *Death in Venice* and played the important piano part in the first performances and on the Decca/London recording. This led to recital appearances with the tenor, Sir Peter Pears, at the Aldeburgh Festival and on the BBC, and to Mr Ralls's appointment to the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh. In 1978, he joined the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto, where he held the position of Musical Director of the Opera Division from 1996 to 2008. With Bruce Ubukata, he founded the concert organization, the Aldeburgh Connection, in 1982. He has worked with the Canadian Opera Company, the Banff Centre and the National Arts Centre. His recordings include *L'Invitation au voyage: songs of Henri Duparc* (CBC Records), several releases with the Aldeburgh Connection, including *Benjamin Britten: the Canticles*, *Schubert among friends* and *Our own songs*, and the Juno award winning *Songs of Travel* with baritone, Gerald Finley.

Bruce Ubukata has established a reputation as one of Canada's leading accompanists, appearing with many singers in recital and with Mary Lou Fallis in her successful one-woman shows, *Primadonna*, *Mrs Bach* and *Fräulein Mozart*, and appearing in many recital engagements with Catherine Robbin here in Canada and on tour in France, and on tour in British Columbia in recital performances with Catherine Robbin and soprano Donna Brown. In addition to a long association with the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus, his other musical activities have included performances with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, the Elmer Iseler Singers and the Canadian Opera Company, as well as regular summer engagements on the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh, England. His recordings include *Liebeslieder & Folk Songs* for CBC Records and the Britten *Canticles* on the Marquis Label. Mr Ubukata is also an accomplished organist and harpsichordist. He is co-artistic director of both the Aldeburgh Connection and the Bayfield Festival of Song, held each June in Bayfield, Ontario.

Discovery Series

Wednesday, February 10, 2010

Johane Ansell, soprano

Erica Iris Huang, mezzo

Christopher Enns, tenor

James Baldwin, baritone

Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata, piano

The **Discovery Series** presents talented young singers in the Faculty of Music's vocal programmes at the University of Toronto. Applications are invited in the spring and the participants are selected after auditions held jointly by the Faculty and the Aldeburgh Connection. Our concerts are generously sponsored by RBC Foundation, as part of their Emerging Artists Support Project.

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Come with us on a nocturnal visit to Spain, one of the most musical countries in Europe! We begin in the company of a true Spaniard, with all of his innate authenticity of rhythm and melody. Soon, however, our guides change nationality and speak to us in all manner of tongues - French, German, English, even Russian - but all of their tourist commentary is couched in terms of praise of that brilliant Mediterranean sunshine and the warm summer nights of the Don's homeland . . .

Four songs (*Fernando Periquet*) (mezzo):

Enrique Granados (1867-1916)

Colección de Tonadillas escritas en estilo antiguo - 'Collection of little songs in the antique style' - was the major contribution of Granados to the art-song repertoire. Although he was born in Barcelona, his music is Castilian in spirit, and this set (from which we perform four songs) was inspired by working-class life in Madrid in the late 18th century, particularly as filtered through the paintings of Goya. The *maja* whom we encounter here is no trifling heroine - Donna Elvira and Zerlina combined in one girl, perhaps.

Callejeo

Dos horas ha que callejeo
 Pero no veo,
 Nerviosa ya, sin calma,
 Al que le di confiada
 El alma.

No vi hombre jamás
 Que mintiera más que el majo
 Que hoy me engaña;
 Mas no le ha de valer
 Pues siempre fui mujer de maña
 Y, si es menester,
 Correré sin parar,
 Tras él, entera España.

La maja dolorosa

De aquel majo amante que fue
 mi gloria
 Guardo anhelante dichosa memoria.
 El me adoraba vehemente y fiel.
 Yo mi vida entera di a él.
 Y otras mil diera si él quisiera,
 Que en hondos amores
 Martirios son flores.
 Y al recordar mi majo amado
 Van resurgiendo ensueños de un
 tiempo pasado.

Ni en el Mentidero ni en la Florida
 Majo más majo paseó en la vida.
 Bajo el chambergo sus ojos ví
 Con toda el alma puestos en mí.
 Que a quien miraban enamoraban,
 Pues no hallé en el mundo mirar más
 profundo.
 Y al recordar mi majo amado
 Van resurgiendo ensueños de un
 tiempo pasado.

Street-rambling

For two hours I have walked the streets,
 nervously and restlessly,
 but I cannot find
 him to whom I trustingly
 gave my soul.

I have never met a man
 who lied more than the majo
 who betrays me now.
 But he will find it of no avail,
 for I was always a resourceful woman,
 and if it is necessary,
 I will follow him relentlessly all over Spain.

The desolate maiden

I ardently treasure those memories
 of my gallant love who brought me
 such joy.
 He adored me fervently and sincerely.
 I gave him all of my life,
 and would do so a thousand times,
 if he wished it,
 for in the depths of love anguish is
 only a blossom.
 When I think of my gallant love,
 I am engulfed by the dreams of a time
 gone by.

Neither in Mentidero, nor in Florida,
 was I to know others.
 Under the rim of his hat I saw his eyes
 directed on me with all of their vitality,
 they loved the one on which they gazed.
 And I have never found in this world a
 gaze more profound.
 When I think of my gallant love,
 I am engulfed by the dreams of a time
 gone by.

Charlotte in Massenet's *Werther*, and Isabella in Rossini's *L'italiana in Algeri* with Opera Laurier. She was hailed for portrayal of the Composer with the Toronto Summer Music productions of *Ariadne auf Naxos*, and "gave the best singing of the evening as the sympathetic Aunt Adelaïde" in Wilson's *Kamouraska* with Opera In Concert, (Ken Winters, The Globe and Mail).

Erica is in her final year of Opera Diploma at the University of Toronto, studying with Mary Morrison. Her past roles with the University of Toronto Opera include Fidalma (Cimarosa's *Il matrimonio segreto*), Concepcion (Ravel's *L'Heure espagnole*), La Tasse (Ravel's *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*), Lisetta (Haydn's *Il mondo della luna*) and the title role in Bizet's *Carmen* at the University of Toronto Opera Tea. Upcoming performances include The Old Woman in Bernstein's *Candide* in early February with the University of Toronto.

Christopher Enns is in his second year of the Opera Diploma Program at the University of Toronto, in the studio of Dr. Darryl Edwards. A native of Manitoba, Christopher is a graduate of the University of Manitoba (Vocal Performance). This season he looks forward to the title role in the University of Toronto's production of *Candide* and was a guest artist with the Aldeburgh Connection in the January concert *The Lady of the Lake*. He sang the role of Alfred in the Highland Opera Studio's production of *Die Fledermaus* and Ecclitico in the University of Toronto's fall production of Haydn's *Il mondo della luna*. Other operatic roles at the University of Toronto's Opera Division include Paulino in Cimarosa's *Il matrimonio segreto*, Gonsalve and Teapot in the Ravel double bill of *L'Heure espagnole* and *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*.

In 2008, Christopher sang Scaramuccio in Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos* with Toronto Summer Music Academy, Eisenstein in *Die Fledermaus* with Edmonton's Opera NUOVA, and Count Almaviva in a school tour version of *The Barber of Seville* with the University of Manitoba's Opera Apprentices. In 2009 with Saskatoon Opera, Christopher performed the role of Al in their touring production of *The Barber of Boombtown*. In Winnipeg, his operatic roles included Wilhelm in the 2005 school tour of *The Brothers Grimm* (Burry) and Bastien in Mozart's *Bastien and Bastienne* in his debut with Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra.

Later this year he looks forward to joining the Young Artists Ensemble of the Canadian Opera Company.

James Baldwin studies in the studio of Patrick Raftery at the University of Toronto's Opera School, where his roles this year have included Ernesto in Haydn's *Il mondo della luna* and Escamillo in Bizet's *Carmen*. Upcoming performances at the school will include the roles of Maximilian in Bernstein's *Candide* and scenes of Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, in addition to premiering a new operatic scene written by Cecilia Livingston based on Shakespeare's Hamlet. Last year, James performed Don Inigo Gomez and Le Fauteuil in the school's double-bill performance of Ravel's *L'Heure*

The Aldeburgh Connection's next presentation will be a celebration of the 150th birthday of *Hugo Wolf, the Mighty Miniaturist* - one of the greatest masters of German song. It will take place here in Walter Hall at 2:30 pm on Sunday, March 14, 2010. Soloists will include soprano MONICA WHICHER, tenor MICHAEL COLVIN and baritone BRETT POLEGATO. For tickets, please call 416-735-7982.

For more information about the Aldeburgh Connection, visit our website:
www.aldeburghconnection.org

About the Artists

Johane Ansell performs regularly as a recitalist and soloist in concert engagements, and continues to expand her operatic roles and appearances. Her European debut, in July 2008 in Novafeltria, Italy, was as Norina in Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, where she coached the role with world-renowned teacher Joan Patenaude-Yarnell. Back at home, she joined the Saskatoon Opera in their school tour of Rossini's *Cinderella* as Clorinda, one of the wicked step-sisters. Other opera credits include Nanetta in Verdi's *Falstaff* with Summer Opera Lyric Theatre in Toronto, Laurie in Aaron Copland's *The Tender Land* at Opera NUOVA, and Erste Knabe in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* with Kitchener Opera.

In concert, Ms. Ansell has appeared as soloist with the University of Saskatchewan Greystone Singers and with the University Chorus; she has sung Mozart's *Requiem* and *Vesperae Solennes*, Vivaldi's *Magnificat*, Fauré's *Requiem*, Bruckner's *Te Deum*, and Haydn's *Creation*. She took part in the Tafelmusik Baroque Summer Institute last summer, and was a soloist in the Charpentier *Messe à Huit Voix*. Earlier in the year, she appeared as Esther in the University of Toronto Oratorio Ensemble's presentation of Handel's oratorio *Esther* with members of the Toronto Continuo Collective. This season, she performs the role of Barmherzigkeit in Mozart's oratorio *Die Schuldigkeit des ersten Gebots* with the University of Toronto Oratorio Ensemble.

Originally from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Ms. Ansell is currently completing a Master's Degree in Vocal Performance at the University of Toronto, with Dr. Darryl Edwards.

Erica Iris Huang recently emerged into Toronto's music scene with credits to "a gorgeous big voice, seamless from top to bottom, dramatic, and highly expressive," (Howard Dyck). Influenced by her teachers Victor Martens and Kimberly Barber in her Bachelor of Music and Opera Diploma at Wilfrid Laurier University, her initial desire to teach music developed into a passion for performing and opera. In 2007, she won first place at the Canadian Music Competition, granting her a performance with the Sherbrooke Orchestra in Quebec. She made her 2004 operatic debut as Tituba in Ward's *The Crucible* and sang the roles of Mrs Herring in Britten's *Albert Herring*, Dido in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, excerpts of Baba the Turk in Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, Dorabella in Mozart's *Così fan tutte*,

El majo tímido

Llega a mi reja y me mira
Por la noche un majo
Que, en cuanto me ve y suspira,
Se va calle abajo.
¡Ay qué tío más tardío!
¡Si así se pasa la vida
Estoy divertida!

Si hoy también pasa y me mira
Y no se entusiasma
Y bajito yo le digo
¡Adiós Don Fantasma!
¡Ay que tío más tardío!
Odiar las enamoradas
Las rejas calladas.

El majo discreto

Dicen que mi majo es feo.
Es posible que sí que lo sea,
Que amor es deseo
Que ciega y marea.
Ha tiempo que sé
Que quien ama no ve.

Mas si no es mi majo un hombre
Que por lindo descuelle y asombre,
En cambio es discreto
Y guarda un secreto
Que yo posé en él
Sabido que es fiel.

¿Cuál es el secreto
Que el majo guardó?
Sería indiscreto
Contarlo yo.
No poco trabajo costara saber
Secretos de un majo con una mujer.
Nació en Lavapiés.
¡Eh, ¡eh!
¡Es un majo, un majo es!

The Timid Youth

In the night a youth comes to my
window lattice and looks at me.
As soon as he sees me, he sighs
and he runs away.
Oh! What a bashful dodderer.
Girls in love
Hate silence at the window.

Once again he comes and runs away,
showing no ardor,
and gently I say to him:
Good-bye, Sir Phantom!
Oh! What a frightened youth.
If life should pass so
I will be very amused.

The discreet lover

People say that my beloved is homely,
and that may be true,
for love is the longing
which masks and conceals.
There are even times
when love blinds.

But if my beloved is not a man
whose beauty shines and astonishes,
then he is a man who is discreet
and able to keep the secret
that I entrust to him,
knowing that he is faithful.

What could this secret be
that he is guarding?
It would be indiscreet
for me to reveal it.
To expose the secrets of a man
and a woman requires no little effort.
He was born in Lavapiés.
Eh! eh!
He is a man, a man is he.

Two songs to French texts

French poets and composers were long attracted by the sights and sounds of Spain. They relished the existence of such an exotic land on their very door-step, and felt no particular need to engage in first-hand research before putting pen to paper - Bizet, after all, never visited Spain. In 1856, Lalo (from a Spanish-named family who had lived in northern France since the 16th century) set a well-known poem by Victor Hugo with characteristic rhythmic flair - his *chef-d'oeuvre*, after all, was to be the *Symphonie espagnole* of 1874. The expatriate Spaniard, Falla, lived in Paris for seven years before the Great War; his *Séguidille* (1908) was dedicated to Debussy's second wife, Emma Bardac.

Guitare (Victor Hugo) (tenor)

Edouard Lalo (1823-92)

Guitar

Comment, disaient-ils,
Avec nos nacelles,
Fuir les alguazils?
Ramez, disaient-elles.

"How," said the men
"in our small boats
can we flee the police?"
"Row," said the women.

Comment, disaient-ils,
Oublier querelles,
Misère et périls?
Dormez, disaient-elles.

"How," said the men
"can we forget feuds
poverty and perils?"
"Sleep," said the women.

Comment, disaient-ils,
Enchanter les belles
Sans philtres subtils?
Aimez, disaient-elles.

"How," said the men
"can we bewitch the fair
without rare potions?"
"Love," said the women.

Séguidille (Pierre-Jules-Théophile Gautier) (soprano)

Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

Seguidille

Un jupon serré sur les hanches,
Un peigne énorme à son chignon,
Jambe nerveuse et pied mignon,
Oeil de feu teint pâle et dents blanches,
Alza! Ola! Voilà! La véritable manola!

A tight skirt around her hips,
a huge comb in her coiled hair,
nervous limbs and tiny feet,
fiery looks, pale skin, white teeth,
Alza! Ola! Here she is! The real manola!

Gestes hardis, libre parole,
Sel et piment à pleine main,
Oubli parfait du lendemain,
Amour fantasque et grâce folle,
Alza! Ola! Voilà! La véritable manola!

Bold gestures, daring words,
plenty of salt and pepper,
totally oblivious of tomorrow,
whimsical love and unbounded grace,
Alza! Ola! Here she is! The real manola.

The Spanish Lady (*folksong*) (tenor)

trad., arr. Herbert Hughes (1882-1937)

As I walked down thro' Dublin city
At the hour of twelve of the night,
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady
Washing her feet by candle light.

First she washed them, then she dried them,
O'er a fire of amber coal...
In all my life I ne'er did see
A maid so neat about the sole.

Whack for the toora loora laddy
Whack for the toora loora lee
Whack for the toora loora laddy
Whack for the toora loora lee.

As I came back thro' Dublin city
At the hour of half past eight,
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady
Brushing her hair in broad day light.

First she tossed it, then she brushed it
On her lap was a silver comb.
In all my life I ne'er did see
So fair a maid since I did roam.

As I went down thro' Dublin city
When the sun began to set.
Who should I see but a Spanish lady
Catching a moth in a golden net;

When she saw me, then she fled me.
Lifting her petticoat over her knee
In all my life I ne'er did spy
A maid so blithe as the Spanish lady!

Through gilded trellises (*Edith Sitwell*) (soprano)

William Walton (1902-83)

Through gilded trellises
 Of the heat, Dolores,
 Inez, Manuccia,
 Isabel, Lucia,
 Mock Time that flies.
 “Lovely bird, will you stay and sing,
 Flirting your sheened wing,—
 Peck with your beak, and cling
 To our balconies?”
 They flirt their fans, flaunting —
 “O silence enchanting
 As music!” Then slanting
 Their eyes,
 Like gilded or emerald grapes,
 They make mantillas, capes,
 Hiding their simian shapes.
 Sighs
 Each lady, “Our spadille
 Is done.”...Dance the quadrille
 From Hell’s towers to Seville;
 Surprise
 Their siesta,” Dolores
 Said. Through gilded trellises
 Of the heat, spangles
 Pelt down through the tangles
 Of bell flowers; each dangles
 Her castanets, shutters
 Fall while the heat mutters,
 With sounds like a mandoline
 Or tinkled tambourine...
 Ladies, Time dies!

Chanter, danser aux castagnettes, Et dans les courses de taureaux, Juger les coups des toreros, Tout en fumant des cigarettes, Alza! Ola! Voilà! La véritable manola!	To sing, to dance with castanets, and at the bullfights to judge the thrusts of the toreros, all the while smoking cigarettes, Alza! Ola! Here she is! The real manola!
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Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (*Paul Morand*) (baritone) Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Ravel was born in the town of Ciboure, in the Basque region of south-western France. Although the family moved to Paris when he was seven, he always regarded himself less as French than as Basque, and by extension, Spanish. In 1932, he began a set of songs, based on Cervantes and intended for a film starring Chaliapin, which proved to be his last completed work. It was written with orchestral accompaniment but is now more often heard in the composer’s version with piano. The collaboration with the great singer never materialised; but the short cycle remains as a marvellous example of Ravel’s spare, refined yet almost demotic, late style.

Chanson romanesque**Romanesque song**

Si vous me disiez que la terre
 À tant tourner vous offensa,
 Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
 Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

If you told me the eternal turning
 of the world offended you,
 I would send Panza:
 you would see it motionless and silent.

Si vous me disiez que l’ennui
 Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d’astres,
 Déchirant les divins cadastres,
 Je faucherais d’un coup la nuit.

If you told me to be bored
 by the number of stars in the sky,
 I would tear the heavens apart,
 erase the night in one swipe.

Si vous me disiez que l’espace
 Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
 Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing,
 J’étoilerais le vent qui passe.

If you told me that the now
 empty space doesn’t please you,
 as a god-like knight, with a lance at hand,
 I would fill the passing wind with stars.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
 Est plus à moi qu’à vous, ma Dame,
 Je blêmirais dessous le blâme
 Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

But, my Lady, if you told me
 that my blood is more mine than yours,
 that reprimand would turn me pale
 and, blessing you, I would die.

Ô Dulcinée.

Oh, Dulcinée.

Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame,

(Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint
Michel)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel! Amen.

Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon coeur, mon âme!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...
Lorsque j'ai ... lorsque j'ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!...

Epic song

Dear Saint Michael, who gives me
the chance
to see my Lady and to hear her,
dear Saint Michael who gracefully
chooses me to please and defend her,
dear Saint Michael, will you descend
with Saint George to the altar
of the Virgin in the blue mantle.

With a beam from heaven, bless my sword
and its equal in purity
and its equal in piety
as in modesty and chastity:
my Lady,

(O great Saint George and Saint Michael)
the angel who guards my watch,
my sweet Lady, so much like you,
Virgin in the blue mantle! Amen.

Drinking song

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
who, to discredit me in your sweet eyes
says that love and old wine
put my heart and soul in mourning.

I drink to pleasure!
Pleasure is the only goal,
to which I go straight...
when I've drunk!

A pox on the jealous wretch,
dark-haired mistress ,
who moans, who cries and swears
always to be the pallid lover,
watering down his intoxication
I drink to pleasure! ...

Three songs in Russian and English

For all his love of Mozart's music, Tchaikovsky came up with an altogether more swashbuckling protagonist in his serenade than Don Giovanni. One cannot but fear for the safety of his guitar, which is put through much fiercer paces than Mozart's mandoline. Walton's setting of Sitwell's fantastic, allusive poetry allows us to relax in the heat. Finally, in Herbert Hughes's folksong setting, we encounter a fascinating Spanish lady (perhaps the one to whom Granados introduced us at the beginning of the programme) in the unlikely setting of Dublin city. Is she a distant descendant of a sailor, shipwrecked from the Armada on the Irish coast?

Serenada Don Zhuana, Op.38/1 (A.K. *Tolstoy*)
(baritone)

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky
(1840-93)

Don Juan's Serenade

Gasnut dal'nej Al'pukhary
Zolotistyje kraja,
Na prizyvnyj zvon gitary
Vyjdi, milaja moja!

Darkness is enfolding
distant Alpujara's golden lands.
Come out, my darling,
To the call of my guitar!

Vsekh, kto skazhet, chto drugaja
Zdes' ravnjajetsja s toboj,
Vsekh, ljuboviju sgoraja,
Vsekh, zovu na smertnyj boj!

All those who claim that another
is your rival here, inflamed with love,
I challenge them all,
every one, to fight to the death!

Ot lunnogo sveta
Zardel nebosklon,
O, vyjdi, Niseta,
Skorej na balkon!

Moonlight has brought
a glow to the sky;
oh, come out, Nisetta,
come quickly to the balcony.

Ot Sevil'ji do Grenady,
V tikhom sumrake nochej,
Razdajutsja serenady,
Razdajotsja stukh mechej.

From Seville to Granada
in the shadowy stillness of the night
come the sound of serenades
and the ringing of swords.

Mnogo krovi, mnogo pesnej
Dlja prelestnykh l'jutsja dam,
Ja zhe toj, kto vsekh prelestnej,
Vsjo, pesn' i krov' moju otdam!

Much blood and many songs
are dedicated to charming ladies,
and to the one who is the most charming,
I will give all, everything!

Auf dem grünen Balkon (*Paul Heyse*) (tenor)

Auf dem grünen Balkon mein Mädchen
 Schaut nach mir durch's Gitterlein.
 Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich,
 Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!

From her green balcony my loved one
 peeps at me through the lattice.
 Her eyes smile kindly,
 but with her finger she says: No!

Glück, das nimmer ohne Wanken
 Junger Liebe folgt hienieden,
 Hat mir eine Lust beschieden,
 Und auch da noch muß ich schwanken.
 Schmeicheln hör ich oder Zanken,
 Komm ich an ihr Fensterlädchen.
 Immer nach dem Brauch der Mädchen
 Träuft ins Glück ein bißchen Pein:
 Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich,
 Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!

Fortune, ever fickle
 to young love in this world of ours,
 has a joy in store for me,
 and yet I am left in doubt,
 for honeyed words or sharp reproaches
 greet me when I come to her window.
 As always when one loves a maiden
 happiness is mixed with pain;
 her eyes smile kindly
 but with her finger she says: No!

Wie sich nur in ihr vertragen
 Ihre Kälte, meine Glut?
 Weil in ihr mein Himmel ruht,
 Seh ich Trüb und Hell sich jagen.
 In den Wind gehn meine Klagen,
 Daß noch nie die süße Kleine
 Ihre Arme schlang um meine;
 Doch sie hält mich hin so fein –
 Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich,
 Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!

How can her coldness withstand
 the fire of my love?
 Since she is the light of my life,
 gloom and sunlight follow each other.
 In vain I lament
 that my sweet love
 has never yet embraced me;
 but with gentle art she keeps me in
 suspense,
 her eyes smile kindly,
 but with her finger she says: No!

Spanische Liebeslieder, Op.138 (*Emanuel Geibel*) (tutti)

Robert Schumann
 (1810-56)

with **Bruce Ubukata**, piano

Up until the early 19th century, the idea of Italy had satisfied the exotic yearnings of most German artists. Poets like Goethe travelled through the Alps and wrote of their experiences in the southern sunshine - and parts of Lombardy, Tuscany and the Veneto had, off and on, been under direct German or Austrian rule. By the 1840s, however, Italy was almost too accessible. Spain, on the other hand, was a large and distant land which remained largely unexplored by Germans. When Schumann read the poems of Emanuel Geibel (1815-84), which began to appear in that decade, he was immediately attracted by those which took Spanish themes or, more importantly, were actual translations from the Spanish. The characters of lovers from Castile or Andalusia took shape in the composer's imagination and inspired him to write two *Liederspiele* - or "song-plays" - employing four singers with, in the case of the *Spanische Liebeslieder*, accompaniment for piano-duet. (The other, slightly earlier, set is the *Spanisches Liederspiel*, Op.74.) There is but the loosest of narrative threads running through these songs. However, they do exemplify Schumann's almost single-handed attempt to produce a more expanded type of vocal music in the era of the burgeoning, inexorable development of Wagnerian music-drama. Later works which owe much to Schumann's example include Brahms's *Liebeslieder-Walzer* and *Neue Liebeslieder* (which use the same forces) and Wolf's *Spanisches Liederbuch*, setting a number of the same poems.

Part 1**Spanish love songs****1. Prelude** (in Bolero tempo)**2. Tief im Herzen trag' ich Pein** (soprano)

Tief im Herzen trag' ich Pein,
 Muß nach außen stille sein.
 Den geliebten Schmerz verhehle
 Tief ich vor der Welt Gesicht;
 Und es fühlt ihn nur die Seele,
 Denn der Leib verdient ihn nicht.
 Wie der Funke frei und licht
 Sich verbirgt im Kieselstein,
 Trag' ich innen tief die Pein.

Deep in my heart I bear my grief,
 unseen to outward view.
 I hide my dear grief
 well away from the world;
 it belongs to the inmost soul alone,
 for my body is not worthy of it.
 As sparks of fire, free and bright,
 hidden in the flint,
 so I bear my grief deep within.

3. Lied (tenor)

O wie lieblich ist das Mädchen,
Wie so schön und voll Anmut,
Wie so schön!

Sag' mir an, du wackrer Seemann,
Der du lebst auf deinem Schiffe,
Ob das Schiff und seine Segel,
Ob die Sterne wohl so schön sind!

Sag' mir an, du stolzer Ritter,
Der du gehst im blanken Harnisch,
Ob das Roß und ob die Rüstung,
Ob die Schlachten wohl so schön sind!

Sag' mir an, du Hirtenknabe,
Der du deine Herde weidest,
Ob die Lämmer, ob die Matten,
Ob die Berge wohl so schön sind!

What a sweet girl she is;
how beautiful and charming!

Tell me, you bold seaman,
whose home is the sea,
whether the ship and its sails,
whether the stars can be as beautiful.

Tell me, you proud knight
in shining armour,
whether your charger and his harness,
whether your battles can be as beautiful.

Tell me, you shepherd boy
watching over your sheep,
whether your lambs, whether the meadows,
whether the mountains can be as beautiful.

4. Duett (soprano/mezzo)

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen,
Ich sterbe vor Liebe,
Daß die Luft mit leisem Wehen
Nicht den süßen Duft mir entführe!

Von Jasmin und weißen Lilien
Sollt ihr hier mein Grab bereiten,
Ich sterbe.
Und befragt ihr mich: Woran?
Sag' ich: Unter süßen Qualen
Der Liebe.

Cover me with flowers,
I die for love;
lest the breeze with gentle wafting
carry away the sweet fragrance.

Jasmine and white lilies
will deck my grave.
I die.
And if you ask me why? I say:
'Of the sweet torments
of love.'

5. Romanze (baritone)

Flutenreicher Ebro,
Blühendes Ufer,
All ihr grünen Matten,
Schatten des Waldes,
Fraget die Geliebte,
Die unter euch ruhet,
Ob in ihrem Glücke
Sie meiner gedenket!

Billowing river Ebro,
with your banks all in flower,
all you green meadows,
you shades of the woodlands,
ask my beloved
as she rests among
you whether in her happiness
she thinks of me.

Sorglich strahlt ich meine krausen
Locken täglich in der Frühe,
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
Weil die Winde sie zerzausen.

Lockenschatten, Windessausen
Schläferten den Liebsten ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? - Ach nein!

Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,
Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,
Daß ihm Leben geb' und nehme
Diese meine braune Wange.

Und er nennt mich eine Schlange,
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? - Ach nein!

Carefully I comb my curly
tresses every morning,
but in vain is my trouble,
for the winds tousle them.

The shadow of my hair and the
sighing of the wind
have lulled my love to sleep.
Shall I wake him? Ah, No!

I must hear how much I grieve him,
how he has languished now so long,
how these brown cheeks of mine
means life and death to him.

And he calls me his serpent,
yet he has fallen asleep beside me.
Shall I wake him? Ah, No!

In dem Schatten meiner Locken (*Paul Heyse*) (soprano)
(see song above)

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen (*Emanuel Geibel*) (soprano)

Wolf

Cover me with flowers

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen,
Ich sterbe vor Liebe.

Daß die Luft mit leisem Wehen
Nicht den süßen Duft mir entführe!
Bedeckt mich!

Ist ja alles doch dasselbe,
Liebesodem oder Düfte
Von Blumen.

Von Jasmin und weißen Lilien
Sollt ihr hier mein Grab bereiten,
Ich sterbe.

Und befragt ihr mich: Woran?
Sag' ich: Unter süßen Qualen
Vor Liebe.

Cover me with flowers,
I die for love.

Lest the breeze with gentle wafting
carry away the sweet fragrance,
cover me!

Yet truly it is all the same,
breath of love, or scent
of flowers.

Jasmine and white lilies
will deck my grave,
I die.

And if you ask me, Why?
I say: Of the sweet torments
of love.

Der Hidalgo, Op.30/3 (Emanuel Geibel) (tenor)

Schumann

The Hidalgo

Es ist so süß zu scherzen
Mit Liedern und mit Herzen
Und mit den ernsten Streit!
Erglänzt des Mondes Schimmer,
Da treibt's mich fort vom Zimmer
Durch Platz und Gassen weit;
Da bin zur Lieb' ich immer
Wie zum Gefecht bereit.

It is so sweet to play
with songs and with hearts
and with serious battle!
The moon shine glimmers,
it draws me out of my room
through the squares and streets;
I am always ready for love,
just as I am for battle.

Die Schönen von Sevilla
Mit Fächern und Mantilla
Blicken den Strom entlang;
Sie lauschen mit Gefallen,
Wenn meine Lieder schallen
Zum Mandolinenklang.
Und dunkle Rosen fallen
Mir vom Balkon zum Dank.

The fair ones from Seville
with their fans and mantillas
gaze all along the stream;
they listen with pleasure
as my songs peal forth
to the sounds of the mandoline,
and dark roses fall
before me from the balconies in gratitude.

Ich trage, wenn ich singe,
Die Zither und die Klinge
Vom Toledan'schen Stahl.
Ich sing' an manchem Gitter
Und höhne manchen Ritter
Mit keckem Lied zumal,
Den Damen gilt die Zither,
Die Klinge dem Rival.

I carry, as I sing,
the zither and the sword
of Toledo steel.
I sing at many grilles,
and taunt many knights
the moreso with my bold song;
my zither is for the ladies,
my sword for my rival.

Auf denn zum Abenteuer,
Schon losch der Sonne Feuer
Jenseits der Berge aus.
Der Mondnacht Dämmerungsstunden,
Sie bringen Liebeskunden,
Sie bringen blut'gen Strauß;
Und Blumen oder Wunden
Trag' morgen ich nach Haus.

Away then, to adventure!
already the sun's fire has gone out
beyond the mountains.
The twilight hours of moon-lit night
will bring tidings of love,
will bring bloody combat;
and flowers or wounds
I will carry home tomorrow.

Spanisches Lied Op.6/1 (Paul Heyse) (mezzo)

Johannes Brahms (1833-97)

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Schlief mir mein Geliebter ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? - Ach nein!

In the shadow of my tresses
my lover has fallen asleep.
Shall I wake him? Ah, no!

Und ihr tauigen Perlen,
Die ihr im Frührot
Den grünenden Rasen
Bunt mit Farben schmückt,
Fraget die Geliebte,
Wenn sie Kühlung atmet,
Ob in ihrem Glücke
Sie meiner gedenket!

And you dewy pearls
embroidering the green grass
with bright colours
in the light of dawn,
ask my beloved,
when she breathes the cool morning air,
whether in her happiness
she thinks of me.

Ihr laubigen Pappeln,
Schimmernde Pfade,
Wo leichten Fußes
Mein Mädchen wandelt,
Wenn sie euch begegnet,
Fragt sie, fragt sie,
Ob in ihrem Glücke
Sie meiner gedenket!

You leafy poplars,
you shining paths
where my barefoot girl
goes walking,
when she meets you
ask her, ask her
whether in her happiness
she thinks of me.

Ihr schwärmenden Vögel,
Die den Sonnenaufgang
Singend ihr begrüßet
Mit Flötenstimmen,
Fraget die Geliebte,
Dieses Ufers Blume,
Ob in ihrem Glücke
Sie meiner gedenket!

You swarming birds
that greet the dawn
with your fluted singing,
ask my beloved,
the flower of these shores,
whether in her happiness
she thinks of me.

Part 2**6. Intermezzo – National Dance****7. Weh, wie zornig ist das Mädchen (tenor)**

Weh, wie zornig ist das Mädchen,
Weh, wie zornig, weh, weh!
Im Gebirge geht das Mädchen
Ihrer Herde hinterher,
Ist so schön wie die Blumen,
Ist so zornig wie das Meer.

Alas, how angry the maiden is!
Alas, how angry she is!
She walks the hills
with her flocks;
as beautiful as the flowers
but as angry as the sea.

8. Lied (mezzo)

Hoch, hoch sind die Berge
Und steil ist ihr Pfad,
Die Brunnen sprüh'n Wasser
Und rieseln in's Kraut.
O Mutter, o Mutter,
Lieb Mütterlein du,
Dort, dort in die Berge,
Mit den Gipfeln so stolz,
Da ging eines Morgens
Mein süßester Freund.
Wohl rief ich zurück ihn
Mit Zeichen und Wort,
Wohl winkt' ich mit allen
Fünf Fingern zurück.

High, high are the mountains
and steep are their paths;
the water spurts from the springs
and trickles down through the
undergrowth.
Oh mother,
dear little mother,
it was there, there in the mountains
with their proud peaks,
that my dearest friend
went one morning,
I called him back
with word and sign,
I beckoned him back
with all five fingers.

9. Duett (tenor/baritone)

Blaue Augen hat das Mädchen,
Wer verliebte sich nicht drein!

Sind so reizend zum Entzücken,
Daß sie jedes Herz bestriicken,
Wissen doch so stolz zu blicken,
Daß sie eitel schaffen Pein!

Machen Ruh' und Wohlbefinden,
Sinnen und Erinn'ung schwinden,
Wissen stets zu überwinden
Mit dem spielend süßen Schein!

Keiner, der geschaut ihr Prangen,
Ist noch ihrem Netz entgangen,
Alle Welt begehrt zu hangen,
Tag und Nacht an ihrem Schein.

Blue eyes has the maiden,
who wouldn't fall in love with her?

They're so charming, so enrapturing,
that they capture every heart.
Yet their glance can be so haughty
that they cause nothing but pain.

They can bring peace and comfort,
banish thought and recollection,
and always they know how to conquer
with a sweet and playful glint.

No one who has seen their splendour
Has escaped their net.
All the world yearns to bask
day and night in their warmth.

10. Quartett (quartet)

Dunkler Lichtglanz, blinder Blick,
Totes Leben, Lust voll Plage,
Glück erfüllt von Mißgeschick,
Trübes Lachen, frohe Klage,
Süße Galle, holde Pein,
Fried' und Krieg in einem Herzen,
Das kannst, Liebe, du nur sein,
Mit der Lust erkaufte durch Schmerzen,
Liebe, das kannst du nur sein!

Darkness in light, blindness of sight,
death in life, tormented joy,
happiness in misfortune,
sad laughter, merry weeping,
sweet poison, kind anguish,
peace and war in one heart:
this can only be love,
with its joy bought through pain.
Love, this can only be you!

INTERMISSION

Five songs to German texts

Geibel's first poetic publication, his *Gedichte* of 1840, was a runaway success, reaching no fewer than a hundred editions by the time of his death. It was followed by *Volkslieder und Romanzen der Spanier* (1843) and *Spanisches Liederbuch* (1852, in collaboration with Paul Heyse). Most of the poems on Spanish themes were translations from known authors; a number are listed as having unknown authors, and it is probable that some of these are Geibel's own clever pastiches. They proved irresistible to composers such as Schumann and Wolf - and even to Brahms, whose favourite opera was, after all, *Carmen*.